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# THE SEWANEE REVIEW.

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## THE EVOLUTION OF NEW TYPES IN FICTION.<sup>1</sup>

THE attempt to awaken interest in the fate of creatures more or less like men and women, but who are in themselves purely imaginative, is obviously and in the nature of things made only when there is a public fairly well trained in literary taste. In other words, the novel is one of the forms of literature last to be developed. Narrative of some sort, whether ballad, epic, or verse romance, comes very early in the history of literature. But these narratives are not fiction, except it be in the broad sense in which all literary art is fiction, work of the creative imagination.

The difference between such a poem as the "Iliad" or the "Beowulf" or the primitive Arthurian epic and the work which we would class as fiction is rather simple, though criticism rarely takes the trouble to express it for us in set terms. We should say that the difference lies in the attitude of the narrator to his audience and to his subject. The author of the "Beowulf," for example, starts out with the assumption that the name and the fame of his hero are familiar to the public addressed; and, secondly, that the public knows the ways

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<sup>1</sup>Authorities used or cited: Raleigh, "The English Novel," Scribners, New York, 1898; Cross, "Development of the English Novel," Macmillan, New York, 1900; Tuckerman, "History of English Prose Fiction," Putnam, New York, 1899; Warren, "History of the Novel Previous to the Seventeenth Century," Holt, New York, 1895; Stoddard, "Evolution of the English Novel," Macmillan, New York, 1900; Chandler, "Romances of Roguery," Macmillan, New York, 1900; Perry, "A Study of Prose Fiction," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1903; Howells, "Criticism and Fiction," Harper's, New York, 1888; Matthews, "Philosophy of the Short Story," Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 1901.

of gods and heroes to be unlike the ways of men, and that it does not expect and would not appreciate verisimilitude. To complete the contrast between the epic and the conscious fiction, the author of a conscious fiction has no favor to expect in the way of previous knowledge of, or interest in, the story or the characters he has to present, consequently he knows that his public will insist on verisimilitude; the story and its characters must be true to the facts of human life or true to some artificial standard with which the public is familiar. The singer of the great national epic was not concerned about the credibility of the tale he told, neither was his superstitious and reverential auditor; neither, we may remark in passing, is the modern critic. But when fiction becomes an art, we care for neither its novels nor its romances, unless, as De-foe expresses it, the lies are like the truth.

If, as we have tried to indicate, conscious fiction is a late literary type, what was its function and what its form in the days of its youth? Unquestionably, the earliest and the most essential business of fiction was to amuse, to divert the mind from an unsatisfying present, actual condition, and to direct it to the contemplation of imaginary or ideal conditions. In the second place, while endeavoring to amuse, fiction will find an opportunity to instruct; learning, in fact, is one form of amusement, though I fear it rarely seems so in the schoolroom. In the third place, fiction may attempt to teach a moral lesson.

This last is not really essential, unless we give the very broadest sense to the words to teach a moral. Nearly all fiction, with certain notable recent exceptions, broadens the mental horizon or awakens the human sympathies of the reader, and in so far nearly all fiction may be considered, broadly speaking, as teaching a moral. But the moral, taking the word in its more usual and narrower sense, is less commonly in itself distinctly valuable or elevating. There is, in fact, an enmity almost mortal between the moral precept and literary art as expressed in fiction. Those who seek amusement or innocent diversion are shy of being preached at, though in another mood they may find genuine enjoyment in the soberest of moral treatises. The teaching of a moral in fiction, therefore, is the most

difficult and delicate of tasks; accordingly, the earliest fiction evaded the difficulty and omitted the moral, and but a handful of the masterpieces in the fully developed art of fiction owe their prestige to their moral teachings.

If we look for a moment at the two other functions of fiction mentioned above, amusement and instruction, we shall find them very closely related, and combined, in some measure, in nearly everything that bears the name of fiction. When the writer fails to amuse, it is obvious that he fails also either to instruct or to elevate, for his patron is gloriously independent, and will ignore all appeals but those that please him.

With the obscure dawn of fiction in remote lands we shall not attempt to deal. For us the so-called Greek novels of the second to the fifth centuries—"Theagenes and Chariclea," "Daphnis and Chloe," etc.—have little significance, since there is a dark gulf separating them from the first efforts of mediæval imagination and the later developments in fiction. They sometimes furnished subject-matter, but they could not transmit their own art. We may turn our attention at once, therefore, to the legends, tales, and romances of the age of chivalry.

The legends of the saints, though displaying often imagination the most untrammelled by regard for sober fact, we hesitate to class as fiction. The legends of national heroes, often half-remembered fragments of the great epics of the past, began to take on a certain definite type, to assume a distinct literary form and literary conventions, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. As we all know from the handbooks of literature, the subjects were more or less restricted. Arthur and his knights, Charlemagne and his paladins, Alexander and his court, Hector, Æneas, and a few other Trojan heroes—these were the four great subjects. But we must remember that there were a few subjects besides those that we may group under these four heads, and that within themselves these subjects were almost limitless. For example, Arthur's Round Table was a circle of infinite radius, and might accommodate as many knights as poetic imagination could create and elect to a seat.

The name given by their authors to these knightly legends

was significant of what we have called the chief function of fiction, and has survived as descriptive of a kind of fiction to our own day. These poets called their works romances because they were written in *lingua romana*,<sup>2</sup> the Romance tongue—French, Italian, Provençal, whatever it might be—as distinguished from more solid words, intended primarily to instruct or to edify, written in *lingua latina*. The romances, then, were simply popular literature in the popular tongue; and the term romance might be and was applied with equal propriety to a ballad or song of only a few stanzas or to a narrative poem of forty thousand lines. But as the narrative poem became distinctly the most popular, representing the first considerable body of literature in the modern tongues, the term romance was appropriated to it. There was thus a tacit admission in the very name itself that these narratives were written to please the popular taste. And when English poets turned the narratives into their own popular tongue they preserved the name as an indication that the work was a translation. When, in the course of the thirteenth century, the roving singer ceased to recite his poem, and reading came into fashion, the verse narratives were turned into prose, and the name romance still clung to these prose narratives.

We shall not attempt to treat of the romances in all their bearings, only in so far as they are types of fiction. They are confessedly fiction; their characters, however idealized, are intended to be real men and women such as the reader might know. Thus the Alexander and the Æneas of the romances are not treated as historical personages, but are just like knights of the heyday of chivalry. And this brings us to the most obvious of the characteristics of this type of fiction, the utter disregard of historic truth and of locality. Just as Alexander was a mediæval knight, so his court, his Athens, his Greece, were all just the same in language, in fortification, in climate and trees and beasts and birds as the court, the London, the England of a feigned King Arthur. You may find lions and tigers enjoying the discomforts of an English April, and ap-

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<sup>2</sup>Warren, pp. 4 fol.

parently as fiery in temper as if they had been in Sahara. The scenic descriptions of the romances of chivalry are almost entirely conventional, so that they will fit almost any country; trees of unspecified varieties grow in their forests, birds without names sing in the trees, and streams flow of a breadth and depth to suit the purposes of the story rather than to topographical facts.

The essential thing in modern fiction, as in drama, is the chain of circumstances called a plot. Within this chain of circumstances move the characters of the story, acting and reacting on each other, and impelled by more or less obvious motives toward a logical end. The motive force of the story in the vast majority of plots consists in love between two of the personages. The love story is the central thread, its chief personages are led by the force of love to "play fantastic tricks before high Heaven," and we are interested in them and in the logical outcome of their passion; while the other personages of the story exist only by reason of their connection with the central thread.

This idea of a plot was conceived in the very vaguest way by the romance poets. They appreciated the force and the literary value of the universal passion, but they used it in the crudest manner. There is, in fact, no plot worth speaking of in the great majority of the romances, merely an indefinite succession of adventures, in which the chief male character is involved before he is recompensed by the promised love of the chief female character. Each adventure is a little narrative by itself, without any essential connection with the main idea, with what precedes or with what follows. The number of adventures that the knightly hero may pass through is limited only by the inventive faculty of the author or the patience of his public, since there is no connection of cause and effect, and generally no notion of time. Indeed, it is doubly true that a thousand years in his sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Not only is there the most joyous and unrestrained anachronism, but knight and lady are young and fair at the beginning of the tale, the knight goes through twenty years of adventure and the lady through as many of

cruel disdain, and at the end both are as fresh and young as at the beginning.

Moreover, another point must be noted here—namely, that there is no attempt at character-drawing or character-development. Certain salient traits are noted, perhaps, in this or that knight or lady. The one is fierce or savage or sad, perhaps, but he is always fearlessly brave, a man of doughty deeds; the other is cruel or jealous or capricious, but she is always passing fair, and always ready to reward the devotion of the knight after he has been subjected to tests sufficiently severe.<sup>3</sup> It is an axiom of the romances that ladies should be fair and knights brave; it follows that, since everybody knows how such characters look and act, there is no need for special description or discrimination. For us, haunted by memories of later work in these knightly legends, Gawain may represent some such quality as sturdy, rough strength, and Lancelot courtesy and faithfulness in guilty love, and Galahad gentleness and purity of heart and life. But it never occurred to the romancers that, under certain circumstances, Gawain and Lancelot and Galahad would all act differently, be different men. Neither did it occur to them that any one could take an interest in watching the play of circumstances upon character. For them Gawain, Lancelot, and Galahad were not really men swayed by infinitely various human emotions; they were merely brave knights whose duty it was to do the daring deed.

Not having a definite plot and distinctly individualized characters, it is clear that the romances can have no central motive, no purpose. When we read a modern story we are not satisfied with it unless it means something for us, unless there seems to be a deliberate purpose in the telling of the story to bring out and enforce certain facts or truths which may be of significance, good or bad, in our own lives or in the lives of others. We say that the writer of this story wanted to give us a picture of life in the steel mills, and to show the tyranny of employers there; or this writer shows us *Vanity Fair* and the vanities there. And then we feel satisfied, for the book has its purpose,

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<sup>3</sup> Raleigh, p. 5.

and we can determine for ourselves how it fulfills this purpose. But the mediæval romance has no purpose other than direct narration, spun out as long as may be. The interest is centered on the events, on the deeds done, not on the characters nor on the reason why things are done. If Lancelot meets an unknown knight in black armor in the forest, you must not ask, Why? what has this to do with Lancelot's being a lover of Queen Guinevere? If Lancelot fights with the knight and overthrows him, you must not ask, Why did they fight? The reader of the romances never asked such questions; he knew that it was the business of the knightly hero to fight almost everybody he met on the road, in field or forest, whether there was any reason for fighting or not. And so the knight and the reader hurry on to the next totally unexpected and unnecessary combat, and so on to the end of the story, when, without any apparent reason, the obdurate lady may yield, and a general prayer for the souls of all concerned in this good work may conclude the story.

There is no moral, for the most part, in the romances; they are not essentially immoral, but simply without moral. They do not seek to teach or to edify; they do not attempt to give information upon historical questions, or upon countries or peoples far or near; they neglect almost entirely the study of character in its infinite varieties. On what, then, it may be asked, do the romances rely for their interest? have they any interest? They rely upon the simple and universal interest in a narrative of action and surprising adventure. The child reading a fairy tale does not note the inconsequence of the events or their improbability; even so with the public that enjoyed the romances, its interest was kept alive by the number of gallant deeds boldly done, by the succession of unexpected and thrilling adventures. The public was interested in the romance hero because of his deeds; it loved him for the dangers he had passed. Is it going too far to suggest that the same interest survives in the thrilling histories of outlaws and Indian fighters, who are heroes to the small boy not because they are heroic, not because they are distinctly drawn living types, not because he has ever seen or known people like them, but because they are always fighting good fights, always getting into tight places and fighting their



way out, always astonishing him by the variety and danger of their experiences in life? Everyday life is notoriously humdrum and commonplace now; it was so to a certain extent to the lords and ladies in a feudal castle; the romance of chivalry and the dime novel alike appeal to the desire to find variety in life; they do not pretend to represent real conditions but idealized conditions, a life in which things happen more exciting than those to which the reader is accustomed, and from which he turns with jaded spirit to the story of life as he wishes it could be.

Along with the poetic romance, and on a somewhat lower plane, there was another type of fiction in the Middle Ages, the short tale called, in its two most distinct varieties, the *lai* and the *fabliau*. I shall attempt but a rough definition of these two forms, my purpose being, of course, to discriminate between them only in so far as they are types of fiction, and no farther.

With this caution, then, we may state that the *lai* is usually a complete and carefully elaborated little tale in verse. The chief personages are pretty sure to belong to the upper classes; and the interest is centered almost entirely upon one chief character and his relations to one or two subordinate characters, the motive force in the narrative being love long unrequited, love betrayed, revenge, or the like. The *lai* relies very largely, like the romance, upon pure narrative interest; but it is a far better constructed narrative. It has a definite plan or structure; there is a deliberate grouping of the materials to lead to a certain end, with no digressions, no loosely connected episodes to impede our progress toward an end to which we can look forward as to a logical and artistic conclusion. The *lai* is not in the least of the nature of an episode in a romance; it is a complete story in itself, and it frequently rejects entirely the merely marvelous or the merely adventurous in its appeal to the reader's attention. Though there is little or no attempt at character-drawing, the *lai* represents a decided advance in the art of fiction.

Less noteworthy as a type of fiction is the *fabliau*, whose essence is usually an anecdote. The *fabliau* is not a well-organized and complete story, with a definite purpose, serious

motives, and personages from knightly society. It is rather a mere comic anecdote dealing with the ludicrous mishaps of persons in the lower and middle classes; but these characters are presented with some degree of distinctness, and certainly with far more truth to life than the characters in the romances.

We can only allude in passing to the marvelous "Canterbury Tales," which were an English improvement on the new type of prose fiction just at the time becoming famous through Boccaccio's "Decameron." The short tales, each complete in itself, which are told by Boccaccio's Florentines are typical of what men called *novelle*, as being something new. This novel is not a direct descendant of any preceding type, and yet not entirely new. It discarded utterly the crude devices of the romance; it deliberately turned its face to the light, and chose prose in place of verse, and modern ladies and gallants instead of Guineveres and Lancelots of the brave days of old. But the same artistic adaptation of details to the working out of a definite story had been seen in the case of the *lai*. Regarded simply as narratives, the *novelle* are not better than the *lai* and the *fabliau*, some of whose teachings are here applied. The distinctive new thing about the *novelle* is, first, that they present pictures of what purports to be everyday society; and secondly, that the interest of the story no longer rests chiefly upon the mere events of the story, but upon the influence of the events on the fortunes of characters who are living human beings.

There is so much false enthusiasm and so much genuine scandal associated with the name of Boccaccio that one hesitates to praise his work; it has become quite the fashion in criticism to extol him as a sort of Homer in fiction, and to rank as the most perfect productions of their kind stories which, I venture to say, are read with genuine and wholesome pleasure by few, and which are certainly no more perfection in art than they are in morality. But this much we can say, that, though his Florentine ladies and gentlemen are not edifying in conversation or moral conduct, and though there is a tedious sameness in their general characteristics, they represent actual men and women of a certain class with far more vividness and far more

truth to life than the lay figures in anything which we have so far found in fiction.

From the time of the "Decameron" one would expect to find a steady progression in the art of fiction; all should be able to grow the flower, now that one had found the seed. But this was not the case. In England Chaucer seized upon the central scheme of a series of connected stories, improved upon the idea, and gave us the "Canterbury Tales." But, with the exception of two tedious homilies in prose, they are in verse, a definite retrogression for fiction. In substance the tales are largely of the nature of the *fabliau* rather than of the character of Boccaccio's short stories of modern fashionable society.<sup>4</sup> Chaucer had no successor in English literature, and the art of fiction was not to advance beyond the artistic level of the prose romance of chivalry, as exemplified in Malory's "Morte D'Arthur," for something more than two centuries. In the close of the sixteenth century English translators and imitators made the public familiar with the short story on the model of Boccaccio. And with the short story they brought the name applied to it in Italy and France—novel. The older word, "tale," however, still held its own as descriptive of a short narrative in prose or in verse; while still another term, "history," was frequently applied to fictions of greater length.

But the prose romances of chivalry, and the newly rediscovered novels, and the histories of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, and of the peerless Lucrece, were not the only works of fiction that Queen Bess's courtiers knew. From Italy and Spain had come the new and, in England, short-lived type of the pastoral romance. There are but three famous examples of this type of fiction in English, and so we may as well mention them: Sidney's "Arcadia," Lyly's "Euphues" (in part only), and Lodge's "Rosalynde," the original of Shakespeare's "As You Like It." These pastoral romances are not only false to

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<sup>4</sup>It is not believed that Chaucer, so near akin to and greater than Boccaccio in his genius, ever saw a copy of the "Decameron" *novelle*, for he would certainly have used some of them had he known them. We know that he was acquainted with and worked over the material in Boccaccio's two chief narrative poems.—EDITOR.

the point of absurdity in their sentiment and their picture of life, but they are poor as narratives. The thread of the story is not clear; it is interrupted and obscured by endless unexpected and exasperating episodes, so that before the reader gets through the book he is in grievous doubt as to which set of characters should claim the chief interest, so full is the stage of characters who have been dragged on to play their part in some episode and then left to cumber the course of the story. Of all literary types the pastoral, with its insipid idealized shepherds and peasants and its affected manners, discourse, and passion, is the most artificial, and therefore the most restricted in its popularity. In England its popularity lasted, with intermissions, about a century, and never quite eclipsed that of the Italian novel or the newly imported Spanish rogue story. As fiction, the one noteworthy point in connection with the pastoral romances is their recognition of the value of love and its kindred emotions for the central motive of the story. It is a very fantastic, moonstruck sort of love that animates the Dresden china shepherds and shepherdesses in Arcadia; but it passes for the real thing in the rarefied society to which these porcelain personages are accustomed.

What the romance of knighthood was to the upper classes the Spanish rogue story was, in a way, to the less cultured. We do not mean that the *picaresque* novel, as it is called, appealed solely to the lower classes; but its hero, instead of being a knight of high degree, was a professional rogue, who in his career encountered in ordinary life adventures more surprising, more multifarious, and yet more credible than those of the most popular romance. This *picaro*, or rogue, first came to life in Spain in the middle of the sixteenth century;<sup>5</sup> before the end of the century he had made his way to England, and had found English imitators, and thus started that long line, broken here and there, of realistic fiction.

The earliest rogue stories are not, of course, what we should call distinctively novels; but they are much closer to novels than anything preceding, except perhaps the very best of the "Decameron" tales. Where the rogue story fails is in unity.

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<sup>5</sup> Chandler, pp. 185, fol.; Cross, p. 9.

of plot. Frequently the only visible connection between the successive adventures is the character of the rogue himself. He is engaged in a long series of adventures, amorous, warlike, or thievish, and may take himself and the reader off to Italy, France, or even Mexico. He may be married and unmarried several times in the course of the story. And as the story is not constructed to lead up to any definite conclusion, there is no logical end. The story ends when the story-teller thinks it is long enough: we leave the rogue as we found him, neither definitely reformed and happy, nor utterly ruined; he may live to go through another series of fictitious adventures; and the writer not infrequently promises that another story will follow in case this one is successful. Nothing but the death of the rogue can put an end, a final end, to his artistic existence, and even then, as we have seen in some more recent fiction, he may come to life again. The whole scheme reminds us of the famous musketeers and their progeny unto the third and fourth generation.

This type of story was popular in England, and one of the greatest masters of fiction has given us examples of the best that can be done. I refer, of course, to Defoe's "Moll Flanders," "Colonel Jack," etc. And these are the best of the rogue stories because they succeed best in creating a distinct personality. The interest in adventure we have noted as primitive and universal; but this interest alone had long ago palled upon the public; giants, goblins, dragons, castles of enchantment failed any longer to surprise, and hence failed to interest. What charmed in "Moll Flanders" was not the adventures, for most of them are in reality commonplace enough, but the character of Moll, the reality of her personality, and the consequent feeling that she was a real human being living a real life in the very heart of wicked London. This was the contribution of the rogue story to the progress of fiction, the creation not only of realism in the picture of life but also of human personality. Having got a real character at last to deal with, the next thing was to subject this character to the play of various human emotions, to show how he would behave in prosperity, in adversity, in grief, in danger, under the stress of love, jeal-

ousy, or worldly ambition. And the first really great attempt in this line was to come, if I mistake not, from Defoe himself. Where is there a more real study in character, simple though it be, than in "Robinson Crusoe?"<sup>6</sup> The story itself seems so natural and so fascinatingly real that most of us read without noting that Robinson himself is a delightful person, and that, without any of that straining after effect to which we are used in modern novels that rely upon much stronger emotional situations for the development of character, without any lyric or heroic appeals, Defoe has made the character of Robinson grow before our very eyes.

But is "Robinson Crusoe" a novel? Is "Moll Flanders" a novel? Is Stevenson's "Treasure Island," in our own day? We have seen that the term novel was at first in England, as at present in France, Italy, Spain, Germany, restricted to the short story developing a plot whose scene was laid in ordinary life, but as little complicated and presenting as few characters as possible. Its theme was usually a simple incident, or a dramatic moment in life, and it confined itself to the presentation of this incident stripped of all details that might retard the movement of the story to its climax and dramatic culmination. That is what they call a *nouvelle* in France to-day; that is what Englishmen up to the close of the eighteenth century called a novel; that, with certain modifications, is what we call a short story to-day.

When the great outburst of fiction came, from 1740 to 1830, authors and critics alike were at a loss how to classify or what to call the new works. They were, to use a standard modern definition,<sup>7</sup> "fictitious prose narratives, involving a plot whose central thread was usually a love story, and aiming to present a picture of real life in the historical period and society to which the persons, manners, and modes of speech, as well as the scenery and surroundings, were supposed to belong." But what should they be called? The former meaning of the term novel had become obscured, as the short story itself had practically gone out of existence. The old term romance hardly

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<sup>6</sup>Tuckerman, p. 186.

<sup>7</sup>Century Dictionary.

suited, since it had become associated with the extravagances and absurdities of the tales of chivalry. Both tale and story seemed too general. And so novel seemed the most fitting name for the new fiction. But the notion that a love story of society past or present was an essential characteristic of the novel long possessed the critics. Defoe had not called his stories novels, and so even down to our own day there is a hesitation about calling stories like "Robinson Crusoe" novels. All of the recent books, however, are bold enough to call them novels, tacking on a descriptive epithet or phrase, such as naturalistic or realistic novel, or novel of incident. I should prefer to call "Robinson Crusoe" a novel of incident, and also Smollett's "Roderick Random," and "Peregrine Pickle," and Charles Lever's Irish stories and Marryat's sea stories and Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and "The Wrecker"—meaning by novel of incident that the chief interest is directed upon the incidents, upon the narrative, rather than upon the characters and their emotions.

It was a full generation after Defoe's great work before a different type of fiction was evolved, that type which, in its various ramifications and modifications, has ever since remained the most popular and widespread. This new type of fiction came to life with the story of "Pamela," by Samuel Richardson, in 1740, and was continued and improved by him in "Clarissa Harlowe," and by Fielding in "Tom Jones" and "Amelia." It is noteworthy that neither Richardson nor Fielding entitled their works novels; it is the "History of Tom Jones" and the "History of Clarissa." But they refer to them as novels, and when the analysis of the novel came the critics seized upon these works as the first modern novels. Hence Richardson has come to be known as the father of the English novel, a title which he deserves, as we have seen, only in a limited sense.

Richardson and Fielding are as distinct as two men can well be, and no one would think of confusing the style, the methods, or the plots of the one with the other. And yet their works are of the same class in fiction, novels of manners. Richardson is almost alone among novelists in his consistent adherence to the

method of telling his story entirely by means of letters from the various characters, a device used but once and then not consistently by Fielding. "Tom Jones" is noted for its very elaborate and carefully constructed plot, in which the end is prepared for from the beginning, but not foreseen until just before the final *dénouement*. Both Fielding and Richardson give pictures of contemporary English life, with no essential difference as to the class of the personages. Both rely upon the general interest of this picture, but also upon the interest aroused by depicting the play of emotion in the characters. Fielding's work is much broader in its scope than Richardson's, and much more human and catholic in its sympathy with life. Richardson appeals especially to the feelings, the sensibilities, as they were called in his day. He prefers to arouse our sympathy for one character,<sup>8</sup> say Pamela, and then to subject this character to emotional torture, to plague and torment her in the most exquisite fashion before our eyes, to analyze and lay bare for our inspection all the minute workings of her heart in grief and under moral temptation. His works present an intensive study of feminine nature as he knew it. And in his narrow field he succeeds, if one has the patience to read his prolix stories, better than almost any novelist. But his view of life was a narrow one, that of the prosperous and self-righteous English tradesman; and the kind of femininity he knew was a rather artificial and limited species, one that has long since passed away. Of men, real men, with the lights and shadows of their make-up, he knew very little, as was shown when he tried to create a good man, and gave us Grandison, "the faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw."

Fielding, on the other hand, is content with much broader motives for his personages; his people are more like men because they have more sides to their characters, are moved by more complex and more natural passions. His studies of the human heart are as accurate, and his portrayal of men acting under the influence of ordinary passions is more vivid and more convincing; he does not attempt the minute detail of

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<sup>8</sup> Raleigh, pp. 150, fol.; Cross, pp. 31, fol.



Richardson. Above all, his fine sense of humor, a quality totally absent in Richardson, and his generous sympathy with, and knowledge of, the average man, saved him from indulging in false sentiment and in appeals to the sensibilities of his reader, to which Richardson was somewhat prone. Richardson's moral, divested of all trimmings, was, Be virtuous, and you will be rewarded. It was a very practical sort of morality, the kind that pays; but it was not morality of a very high and fine type. For he concerns himself rather with conduct<sup>9</sup> than with the abstract principles of morality; under his teaching one was to be good for the sake of the reward, to be good because it was most prudent and had been shown to be most expedient in this naughty world. Fielding had no patience with this narrow, utilitarian view of morals and conduct; and he mercilessly and convincingly shows to what such Phariseism would lead, in the persons of Square and Thwackum, who are as arrant knaves as Burns's Holy Willie. Fielding eschews the deliberate moral precept; his experience of men as well as his artistic sense led him to distrust it. With him there is no special prize for conformity to public standards of conduct; charity, an honest loving heart, is worth more than all the rigid observance in the world; and the reward of virtue is in the peace of mind, the consciousness of right-doing which spring from the deed itself.

Whatever their individual differences, however, both Richardson and Fielding had, as Mr. Cross says,<sup>10</sup> rediscovered something which had been lost sight of almost since the days of the Elizabethan drama—viz., the human heart. Their narratives appeal to our sympathies directly by presenting real human beings subjected to trials such as we are personally familiar with. It is the rebirth of the individual<sup>11</sup> in literature that we must note in these novelists. And they felt themselves to be innovators; they felt that they were trying to introduce and to establish laws for a new literary form. Richardson, being less thoroughly trained, does not definitely express his views of the methods and limitations of his art, though there

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<sup>9</sup> Cross, p. 49.

<sup>10</sup> Cross, p. 41.

<sup>11</sup> Cf. Stoddard, p. 46.

are numerous allusions to his particular methods and aims in the voluminous correspondence which he carried on with his female admirers. But Fielding is no mean critic of the art which he practices. At first inclined to regard his work as a sort of comic epic, and therefore subject in some sort to Aristotelian laws, he later shows more and more clearly that he is relying upon the laws of the drama for the development and construction of his story. He never quite sees that the novel is essentially dramatic, that it is related to the drama as the romance is related to the epic; but he establishes most of the fundamental principles to which regard must be had in building a novel. There is no more interesting part of "Tom Jones" than those interchapters in which the author calmly draws you by the sleeve to come with him and examine into the critical phenomena of the story he is telling, how it is an advantage to keep the reader in doubt as to the outcome, how difficult it is to convince the critics that the law of unity of time, in the sense that all the events of the plot must take place within a natural day, does not even suit the drama, and is totally inapplicable to the novel.

Perhaps I may be pardoned for quoting here a few sentences to show the nature of these admirable asides. For example, in Chapter I. of Book II., entitled, "Showing what kind of a history this is, what it is like; and what it is not like," we find:

Though we have properly enough entitled this work a history, and not a life, . . . yet we intend in it rather to pursue the method of those writers who profess to disclose the revolutions of countries than to imitate the painful and voluminous historian who, to preserve the regularity of his series, thinks himself obliged to fill up as much paper with the detail of months and years in which nothing remarkable happened as he employs upon those notable areas when the greatest scenes have been transacted on the human stage. . . . When any extraordinary scene presents itself, . . . we shall spare no pains and paper to open it at large to our reader; but if whole years should pass without producing anything worthy his notice, we shall not be afraid of a chasm in our history, but shall hasten on to matters of consequence, and leave such periods of time totally unobserved.

I think it may very reasonably be required of every writer that he keeps within the bounds of possibility, and still remembers that what it is not possible for man to perform it is scarce possible for man to believe he did perform. . . . Man . . . is the highest subject . . . which presents itself to the pen of our historian, or of our poet, and in relating his actions great care is to be taken that we do not exceed the capacity of the

agent we describe. Nor is possibility alone sufficient to justify us: we must keep likewise within the rules of probability. . . . The only supernatural agents which can in any manner be allowed to us moderns are ghosts, but of these I would advise an author to be extremely sparing. These are, indeed, like arsenic and other dangerous drugs in physic, to be used with the utmost caution. (Book VIII., Chap. I.)

Nor will all the qualities I have hitherto given my historian avail him, unless he have what is generally meant by a good heart, and be capable of feeling. The author who will make me weep, says Horace, must first weep himself. In reality, no man can paint a distress well which he doth not feel while he is painting it. . . . In the same manner it is with the ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my reader laugh heartily but where I have laughed before him; unless it should happen at any time that, instead of laughing with me, he should be inclined to laugh at me. (Book IX., Chap. I.)

Fielding, despite his earnest self-criticism, has serious faults as a novelist, faults which it is not our business to point out. But the precepts and the examples given by him and by Richardson soon led, as he had predicted, to a "swarm of foolish novels and monstrous romances . . . either to the great impoverishment of booksellers or to the great loss of time and depravation of morals in the reader." The new fiction was enormously popular, and within half a dozen years after the publication of "Tom Jones" (1749) the practice of novel-reading must have been sufficiently common and sufficiently condemned as mental dissipation to give point to the famous scene in "The Rivals," where Miss Lydia Languish is surreptitiously feeding her sentimental passion on fiction. Though the sentimental tone became less dominant in Richardson's successors, the central theme of the novel of manners has always been a love story, and the chief characteristics of the art as exercised by him and by Fielding are the same in the novels of our own day. There have been many changes and modifications, of course, but I think these will be found to be in the main due merely to the progressive changes in public taste, fashions, and the like, not such as would indicate a radical departure from traditions.

One striking new thing was added to fiction of the Richardson-Fielding school within a generation; this was the description of scenes in the story. Even in Richardson there is some

of this, and we hear of foreign admirers<sup>12</sup> of his who spent much time in trying to identify the localities mentioned in "Clarissa." The description is slightly more marked in "Tom Jones," whose career we can follow geographically with something like accuracy. But in the successors of these two it will be found that there is a gradually increasing use of description as a means of sustaining interest; the novelist learns to appreciate the full value of placing his imaginary characters in a specially adapted setting, learns to know that, having a local habitation as well as a name, they will seem even more real to his reader.

Whom should we class among those who have achieved fame through the novel of manners, the society novel? We should name first Miss Burney, who, in "Evelina," gives the first really vivid picture of London society. Then there is Miss Edgeworth, who first successfully employs that special description and portrayal of a distinct local type of society, manners, customs, and ways of speech, which has since given us so many novels of what we call local color, dialect stories, and the like. Her Irishmen are real living people, and different by reason of their local peculiarities from any type yet known to fiction. She takes us to Ireland, and puts the splendid tale of the fortunes of Castle Rackrent in the mouth of Old Thady Quirk, one of the best special characters to be found in fiction, and one who, to show the continuity of traditions in fiction, may be compared to the old steward to whom Stevenson commits the recital of the fortunes of his Master of Ballantrae. And so Miss Edgeworth and her followers, describing local customs, have given us the Scotchman on his native heath, the provincial Englishman, the American backwoodsman, the negro, the Indian, and the Hindoo.

After Miss Edgeworth we must name another woman, Jane Austen, whose quiet, half-satirical pictures of village and country society in her own day have no equals.<sup>13</sup> She chooses the most ordinary people for her characters, and she places them in the environment in which she knew them, at balls in the vil-

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<sup>12</sup> Cross, p. 46.    <sup>13</sup> Stoddard, p. 52; Cross, p. 117; Howells, *passim*.

lage, at dinner parties, at fashionable watering places, where nothing extraordinary happens. We learn to know the people and their ways by their talk; we learn the story by the same means; there is much talk, as is usual in the lives of most of us, and few incidents of a startling or memorable nature; there is little set description of either persons or places; but we learn much of both from conversations, as we would in real life. It is the most exquisite art, the true realism applied to the novel of manners, the sort of thing which Mr. Howells has been trying to do in our time.

The three graces, Fanny Burney, Maria Edgeworth, and Jane Austen, appropriately enough lead the way in the progress of the novel of manners. And after them we might name a veritable host of men who have pictured contemporary society with more or less verisimilitude, the Bulwers and Trollopes and Disraelis. But one name in the great list can detain us a moment, that of Thackeray, who acknowledges himself a disciple of Fielding, and indulges freely, after his own fashion, in Fielding's habit of holding colloquy with the reader while his story pauses. Discarding the somewhat narrower scheme of Jane Austen and the rest, who, as we have said, confined themselves in one way or another to limited fields, he essays to picture *Vanity Fair* on a large canvas, full of many and varied types of men and women. It was a huge undertaking, and necessitated wider knowledge, wider sympathy, and greater constructive skill than had yet been seen in fiction. We shall not presume to estimate Thackeray's success, but content ourselves with pointing out that modern tendencies have taken us away from the novel as Thackeray conceived it. Not one of the recent novels of manners has ventured on so large a field; there is enough matter and enough characters and enough rich thought and knowledge of humanity in one of Thackeray's great novels to furnish forth two or three of the present day.

Of the numerous progeny of the novel of manners we may mention first the novel of purpose. Richardson himself had been a conscious moralist, preaching at his reader in a way to appeal so well to the average man that "*Pamela*" was commended as a moral story from the very pulpit. The vogue of

the novel was soon seized upon by those who had, or thought they had, some new lesson to convey to the public. And before the end of the century we have, in France, Rousseau's "Emile," with its theories of the education of children, and in England William Godwin's "Caleb Williams," with its socialism, its revolutionary theories, its picture of the wrongs inflicted on an innocent hero by existing social laws and customs.

From Godwin it is no far cry to Dickens, with his pictures of the debtor's prison in "Pickwick," in "Little Dorrit," and of the workhouses in "Oliver Twist," and of Yorkshire schoolmasters in "Nicholas Nickleby." Dickens, be it understood, is no mere reformer in fiction; his novels are valuable quite without regard to the special purpose in each. Like Thackeray, he works on a huge canvas—there are more than two hundred characters in "Pickwick"—and possesses unexcelled powers in the way of vivid portrayal of character and rough but telling personal description. But he was so imbued with the idea of advocating some special reform, of criticising some special weakness in the world out of joint, that he even, as in "Little Dorrit," attacks a prison system<sup>14</sup> already obsolete and reformed, and hammers away at the Circumlocution Office—where the chief art is how *not* to do things—till the reader is either quite tired of it, or his mental vision and sense of justice thrown all out of perspective; in either case he is left in no sort of doubt that Dickens means that there is something wrong somewhere, and that it should be set right.

Though often in method following on the lines of the rogue story as handled by Smollett, it is as an author of purpose novels that Dickens concerns us. In his wake follows one, and perhaps but one great successor, Charles Reade, attacking the administration of insane asylums and convict laws. Half a score of other names, more or less familiar, will suggest themselves, including the one novel which attacked and helped to upset a great social system, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But the distinct reformatory purpose is extremely difficult to handle interestingly in fiction. It was already overworked in Dickens's

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<sup>14</sup>Cross, p. 184.

day; it tended to degenerate into mere social satire, and to fail to appeal to readers who wished to be entertained rather than to be enlisted in the great army of reformers with panaceas for social and political ills.

The distinct purpose novel has passed or is passing away; it has been replaced by a new and kindred type, the problem novel. This is the novel in which some social theory or social problem is taken as the central theme and developed to its logical conclusions, and made real by application to individuals who act under the stress of special motives and emotions. Its defect, an obvious one, is that the story usually presents persons whom the novelist creates especially for the purpose of his story, and who are as much under the domination of a peculiar set of mental and moral rules for thinking and acting as were the obsolete lay figures in the drama of humors as conceived by Ben Jonson and his like. They are only in part like the rest of humanity, and too often strike the commonplace man of the world as ludicrous; he knows they are "cranks," and can feel but an artificial enthusiasm for them. In this class of fiction we have had novels on the question of divorce, on the infelicities of existing customs of marriage and the superiority of a free relation of the sexes, on religious problems, on the relations between a devout Catholic and a freethinker in the state of marriage, on the relations of capital and labor, on the open question as to the possible justification for suicide, and so on, almost without end. One hardly need name Mrs. Humphry Ward, Thomas Hardy, Hall Caine, Grant Allen, as conspicuous writers of problem novels.

Almost alone in her class stands George Eliot as the greatest writer of that special type of the novel of manners which concerns itself chiefly with the philosophical study of human character. In her novels, as in those of George Meredith, the interest is centered on the development of one or more characters rather than on the incidents or the mere *dénouement* of the love story. Indeed, the plot is so conceived and the incidents so chosen as to allow of the growth of character. Perhaps we can best understand this by referring to that magnificent study of a pleasant, gifted, but morally weak, character under strong

and perfectly natural temptations of self-interest, the Tito Melema of "Romola." Our prepossession is in favor of him at the outset; we learn to loathe him ere the end; and his progress to moral ruin, through yielding to purely human and selfish temptations, is one of the masterpieces in the study of human character. George Eliot allows her characters to develop themselves; she does not analyze and comment on them for the reader, but lets their actions and their own speech show the progressive growth to good or evil, to greater or smaller.

We have but one more noted type in the class of long fictions to comment on. Fielding's ridicule of supernatural agents in modern fiction did not exorcise the ghosts and spirits; for the love of the mysterious is innate. Horace Walpole's Gothic romance of the "Castle of Otranto" (1764) was the first notable effort to revive the interest in the Middle Ages, or rather to create a new type of fiction whose interest should be romantic rather than human. It was fitting that the old name of romance, with all of its associations, should be applied to this new fiction. The modern romance, however, has learned many things from the novel. To begin with, it has learned much of the art of construction; every romance, however fantastic, has some sort of plot, involving the fortunes of the characters. And these characters, however extraordinary be the environment in which they are placed and the adventures through which they pass, are more or less like men and women.

But what is the difference between the romance and the novel? To any one who has ever attempted a satisfactory classification of the body of fiction with which he is familiar I need not say that it is quite impossible to draw an absolute line, and to say, On this side lies the novel, on that the romance; for the two types are often so blended as to be indistinguishable. The best definition I have seen is the following from Mr. Cross:<sup>15</sup> "That prose fiction which deals with life in a false or fantastic manner, or represents it in the setting of strange, improbable, or impossible adventures, or idealizes the vices or virtues of human nature, is called romance." It will be noted

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<sup>15</sup> Cross, p. xv.



that the romance, however fantastic, "deals with life;" the human interest, even the interest of character, is not totally absent from the romance.

A special outburst of grewsome tales followed the "Castle of Otranto," and down to our own time they have continued to appear. Mrs. Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho," Lewis's "Monk," Mrs. Shelley's terrible "Frankenstein," the fantastic visit to the land of the flying people by Peter Wilkins of nursery memory, the "Coming Race," "Zanoni," and "Eugene Aram" of Bulwer, Jules Verne's quasi-scientific tales—all these may be mentioned as examples of different varieties of the romance. And how different they are can be appreciated by any reader; we cannot specify the differences because the imagination knows no laws, and any fine analysis would be no sooner accomplished than a new vagary would have to be accounted for. All we can say is that in the romance the interest is centered on the events rather than on the characters; and that the romances rely upon surprise and novelty in the plot, and upon the love of mystery, of the unknown and unknowable which man is ever striving to grasp.

But another type of romance, which more than any other shades off into the novel, must not be forgotten. How shall we classify Sir Walter Scott and his comrades, who take us into history and tell us tales that are all but novels? Was not Sir Walter called the Wizard? Wizards deal in enchantment, and so does he, to a certain extent. Most of his characters are eminently human, and move in an historical setting which is as true as, and far more vivid than, most history. But Sir Walter rarely forgets to use the hidden panel in the wall, the dark Gothic or Norman castle, full of mysterious terrors which we half credit even now; the ghost, even, and the mad Highland seer, and the gypsy witch, are there to interfere in the ordinary course of human events. It is life that he represents, but I venture to say life on a plane manifestly and deliberately above what we know in ordinary life. The facts of the story may be or seem credible, but the treatment is romantic. Therefore I should call him a writer of historical romances rather than of historical novels, though in some of his tales, notably "Waver-

ley" itself, it is rather the tone and method than the actual facts of the story that give the romantic coloring.

And after Scott had worked out his noble life there came others who undertook to provide the world with romances, a G. P. R. James, with dense forests and lone horsemen, a Cooper, with idealized Indians and backwoodsmen, and so on, till the public taste wearied of outworn devices and demanded less romance and more novel. Then came what is by courtesy called the historical novel, with its unadorned and historically accurate reproduction of the society of the past. But this too is generally romantic in tone, in that it appeals to the love of adventure rather than to other motives of interest.

The novel has come to mean a type of fiction rather definite to most of us. It certainly no longer means a short story, as it did originally; we can all distinguish the novel from the short story, if only by its length. And so when, about the middle of the nineteenth century, the short story found men who could handle it, we had no distinctive name to give to it. The modern short story has no direct connection with the historical predecessors in fiction to which we have alluded. The mediæval *lai* and *fabliau* and the English imitations of Boccaccio became thoroughly extinct in English literature, surviving, where they survived at all, like the ballad, in cheap and barren tales for the people who don't read what we call literature. But the art of writing such stories could not be utterly lost; for the long training in producing fiction had taught men what was necessary to tell a good story well. The short story as we know it, the modern *nouvelle* of France, is really a new outgrowth from the longer stories called novels and romances, not a direct descendant from the earlier tales of the Italian novelists of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is, therefore, a higher type of fiction than the novel, and requires greater artistic skill in the handling.

The attempt to discriminate between the short story and the novel is beset with serious difficulties. Shall mere length be the criterion? Surely no one will insist upon a standard so purely mechanical.<sup>16</sup> If we do, how long must a short story be

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<sup>16</sup>Cross, p. 268; Perry, pp. 300, fol.

before it becomes a novel? There are works which we class as novels which contain no more pages, no more words, than do others which we class as short stories. Mere length can only be a crude and primary test. The difference lies in the greater compactness of the short story as compared with the novel, in the narrowness of the field and the smaller number of characters involved, in the absence of distracting episodes or complications that might retard the movement of the story to its culmination. In addition, we may remark that the short story contents itself with producing one strong effect, to which everything in the story should conduce, whereas the novel may aim at several effects in addition to the one which is the primary purpose of the story.

The short story is harder to write with any degree of success than the novel; but, from its mere shortness, is much easier to write in a way that will assure the merely temporary popularity for which most such stories bid. It is harder to write because it must be an artistic whole, with no loose ends, and because the writer has to produce his effects with the minimum of waste space. He must present sufficient descriptive matter to give his story a background, but he must do this quickly. He must give us at once and without prolixity a clear understanding of the status of affairs at the opening of the action he is to present. And he must suggest character rather than pause deliberately to analyze and describe. Condensation is the most difficult part of literary art; not what to say, but what can with propriety and advantage be left unsaid is, as all the rhetorics tell us, the difficult question. This is especially the case in the short story, and therefore marked success is harder to achieve in the short story than in the novel. A very practical proof of this is found, I think, in the fact that, though the modern short story is more than a century old, the really successful short stories, those which the world places among the classics, can be counted on the fingers of one hand; and but one writer, Poe, has won fame solely by means of his short stories.

The subject-matter of the stories is as varied as that of the novel and the romance; there are some which are on the type of the novel, and some on the type of the romance; and some are

quasi-historical—witness “Monsieur Beaucaire”—while others are stories with definite moral purpose—like “The Man without a Country” and the “Story of the Other Wise Man.” For this reason much of what we have said regarding the types of recent fiction in the novel and romance will apply equally as well to the short story.

In this review of the course of fiction we have omitted to account for the development of new types. We have seen that the history of fiction is a continuous history, the verse romance giving way to the prose romance of chivalry, this taking to itself the new elements of distinct personality for the chief characters and a love story as a central thread to unite the events of the story; then came the rogue story, with an increase of definiteness and of realism in the description of persons and places; then the related novel of incident; finally the novel of manners, with its many subdivisions. There has been a continuous advance in the gentle art of lying like the truth, though it is but rarely that we can positively father one of the new types upon the old. We may fairly say that the group of writers in the middle of the nineteenth century have carried that art as far as it has gone up to our own day. But why the frequent changes of type in fiction? Why do we no longer listen entranced to the singer who, to the sound of his harp, told in recitative the marvelous adventures of a knightly hero? The reason for the progress is to be sought, I should say, by reverting to our original proposition, that the aim of fiction is to amuse. When public taste changed, when marked advances in knowledge, in general culture, in social life, occurred the public found the outworn devices of the existing fiction no longer entertaining. Then some writer wise and skillful enough to take advantage of the reaction in popular feeling came to the front with something new, something either almost entirely an outgrowth of preceding types of fiction, as in the case of the novel of problem developing from the novel of purpose, or something so wholly different from preceding fiction as to make one doubt whether or not there is any connection, as in the case of the novel of manners coming to life as if it were a new creation, and for a time counting itself a new creation, independent en-

tirely of romance and rogue story. We cannot determine that Richardson wrote "Pamela" because he was tired of the romances, or that he knew how to tell it merely because he had studied the art of fiction as practiced by his predecessors. But we do say that without the romance there could have been no "Pamela," and that the general advance in fiction was necessary to prepare not only Richardson but his public for the production and appreciation of "Pamela."

In conclusion we may be allowed a few remarks on the present condition, the prospects and tendencies of fiction. Hardly any one who will try to recall a novel of, say, a decade ago, then heralded as a great work, can fail to realize that, for some reason or other, the plot of the work does not linger in his mind, its famous dramatic passages no longer thrill when read over—nay, at a guess, he may not be able to remember distinctly even one among the scores of titles. Why is this? Are the novels weaker, or is public taste more fickle?

The present tendency encourages a spirit of commercialism in fiction; the large sales and enormous profits are demoralizing to novelists. They are too apt to advertise just as much as the publisher does, though more covertly; they are tempted to write with vehemence on a theme which is sure of immediate interest; and when the temporary interest is gone, the temporary novel is gone with it. It is not that novels are written in greater haste now than formerly; no one who knows how Thackeray and Dickens, and Scott before them, wrote with the printer's devil sitting on the stairs and clamoring for copy can seriously claim that the modern writer composes in more haste than they did. But there are many people writing novels who have not only too little literary training but too little actual knowledge of men, of the great human heart which it is given to but few to fathom.

This is one reason why there are so many novels produced that may amuse us temporarily, but fail to move us deeply, and to take deep root among our cherished memories. Another reason is worth mentioning, as one kindred to this first—namely, that, say what we will, there is too little of the nobly ideal and uplifting in the point of view of most modern fiction. A

sort of cynical doubt of human kind, of all things ideal, is one of the notes of this commercial age as it was of the supercritical age that came just before the great Romantic movement of the eighteenth century. And yet man craves idealism; the love of the romantic is not dead, but lies fallow. How quick is its response when any writer rises above the deadening influence of modernity and boldly appeals to the romantic, as did Stevenson in part, and many of the small fry since this last great romantic genius passed away! No matter how poor and weak the tale, the public reads it eagerly.

And still another cause for the low grade of much modern fiction and its slender hold upon our true sympathies is to be sought in the excessive specialization in themes which we have noted. Not one of the modern novels has really a large grasp of life. It is not life that they present, but what Mrs. So-and-So or Miss So-and-So or very young Mr. So-and-So thinks might, could, would, or should be life, if every one took the special moral nostrum he or she has to offer. We may find reading about the nostrum very interesting for a time; but once read, the book is cast aside, because we have found and absorbed or rejected its pitiful little message of truth, find it not very useful or fruitful in our own lives, and are already distracted by hearing our friends and acquaintances puffing some new preparation of fiction and special problems. Indeed, this constant flood of books with enormous sales and little merit is confusing to the reader. There are good books among them, but the average reader is governed in his choice of reading matter by chance and hearsay. Now with the enormous popularization of the reading of fiction, due to cheap editions and to popular libraries, the book most carefully and judiciously advertised by the publisher will often register a higher percentage of sales, get itself far more talked about, than a book of greater intrinsic merit. Consequently, we read what is most bepraised, and are oftentimes disappointed to find that it was not so good after all.

But Arthur is not dead, he merely slumbers in Avalon till the great awakening. And there are just as great possibilities for a return of great fiction now as when the Scotts and Thackerays and Eliots in turn found new ways of handling the perennially fresh and interesting problems of man's relation to man in the infinitely various conditions of life, past or present.

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